

I Am a Timeless Chorus

by wlobot

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Summary: The Covenant have landed on Tiberius and have started excavating procedures in a low valley. UNSC Spartan Leigh must uncover the reason and prevent them from succeeding. However an old threat emerges once again through the dark depths...

I Am a Timeless Chorus

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10th Grade

Wrote this in 10th grade for some contest. I only spent maybe three nights on this so enjoy. And I know some don't care about stories with no pairings but that's how this one is. Certainly won't submit a story with pairings to school .-. Enjoy~

"Now the gate has been unlatched, headstones pushed aside; corpses shift and offer room, a fate you must abide."â€" Gravemind

Humanity had leaped from their overpopulated planet through the use of the Shaw-Fujikawa Translight Engine in 2291; propelling them into the future and into a new perspective of the universe. The Shaw-Fujikawa Translight Engine ripped a hole into the eleven theoretical dimensions to move matter from "normal" space to Slipstream space, colloquially known as Slip-Space, for faster-than-light-travel. This revolutionary device made it possible for colonization to begin quickly as the human race raised their limits to new levels and started to reach out among the stars. By the middle of the second millennia, the inner and outer colonies had been established and the race for colonies crawled to an end.

During the late 25th century, an insurrection exploded throughout the Outer Colonies before surging into the Inner planets. The cry for independent governments swept quickly among the people and humanity was thrown into a conflict that would last for the better part of the early 26th century, until a greater foe would emerge from the depths

of the Milky Way and force them to come together, or become extinct. This "greater threat" was the Covenant; a collective of zealous alien races declaring humanity an affront to their gods and who began to systematically wipe them from the galaxyâ€|

Winning is all she had ever known, and at the same time her success has been overshadowed by defeat after defeat. Humanity was fighting a losing war; being forced back planet after planet as the Covenant used their superior ships to "glass" the colonies with plasma, making any land battle insignificant unless they wanted something from the surface. Spartans were thrown into the war full force to counteract this extreme disadvantage to achieve the impossible missions and they completed their task no matter what the cost. They had no fear, or if they had, it was never shown beyond the full-body MJOLNIR armor they symbolically wore. So why did she feel thisâ€|apprehension?

"Leigh, give me a sight on that camp!" whispered Lieutenant Cecil as he crawled besides her over the rough cliffside. The blazing sun had just peeked over the horizon as dusk fell into day and the planet experienced the awakening of a new day on this side of the universe.

Leigh peeked over the ridge and sighted through the Oracle scope on her standard rifle, "A contingent of grunts with a few slip-lips patrolling the perimeter sir, seems like they didn't spot our dropship but I advise we take caution." Slip-lip was another name for the egotistical and overzealous "Elites" of the Covenant on account of their quadruple-hinged mandibles. Standing at just eight feet tall, they were the cream of the crop and known for their saurian features and ruthlessness in battle. Grunts were essentially the cannon fodder of the alien entente and resembled a 4 foot tall primate with reptilian features; forming the majority of the covenant as laborers and soldiers.

Cecil paused and seemed to consider her advice for a moment, and giving Leigh a nod, gave her the signal to send out the flare anyhow. The United Nations Space Command, or UNSC, deemed fit to send in the notorious "Helljumpers" and a Spartan... all done to stop the Covenant from getting their hands on whatever it was on Tiberius.

Snapping off the cap Leigh raised the "Roman Candle" towards the smoke-filled sky and waited until the shot rang out as it bathed their bluff with an erratic red light.

Ryu 'Tolomee sneered at the ape-like Unggoy in disgust as they gambled over stolen human trinkets like a group of squabbling children. When he received the transmission that he would be leading a planet-side invasion on a small valley with hundreds of these cowardly creatures his reaction was one filled with protest; but then he discovered the significance of this valley why his commander had seen fit to send him along with ten other Sangheili.

Til 'Madumee strolled over to Ryu, breaking him from his thoughts as he relayed the recent findings, "It seems as if the workers have found another cavern embedded within the mountain. Voro is now preparing a scout party Fieldmaster."

Ryu seemed shocked as he responded with a quick nod and ordered to oversee the progress. "Another cavernâ€|.that makes three already! We

must be getting close to the relics the gods have left behind," Ryu thought as he strolled through the camp towards the northern side of the lush valley. "What are the prophets planning to gain from these relics?" Ryu thought as he gave a questioning look to the planet's two dwarf moons before stopping in front of a structure in the middle of camp colored with the covenants' trademark purple alloy.

Til and Ryu stepped through the temporary headquarters and was greeted by the remaining sangheili of the alien camp.

Ryu eyed the covenant's elite guardians and proceeded to ask them about the mine's progress before being interrupted by a younger and impulsive sangheili.

"Ryu 'Tolomee! It's an honor to meet you in person, everyone here has heard of your campaigns against the humans," exclaimed the lower-ranked soldier as he bowed before the "Zealot." "I hope that we will be able to punish the humans that are so foolishly spying upon us soon," he stated with a sly smile.

Ryu stared at him before duly replying, "I'm glad to hear that you know of meâ€|"

"Zeke 'Vunom," answered the younger soldier; showing that he was without the "-ee" ending, indicating that he has yet to mature.

"Ah yes, well â€| 'Vunom, it's good to hear that young ones know of my deeds. The humans will be easily defeated soon enough, have patience," he responded before adding to the others with a smug grim, "Prepare a squad of unggoy to the cliff edge and be ready for a small attack, it seems that we have only two infiltrators; no need to worry."

First Lieutenant Cecil Venizelos was a Greek from Earth before he and his family moved to the Eridanus System to pounce on the opportunities that waited for them on the resourceful region. His family bought out an automobile factory on Epsilon Eridani and lived comfortably on the money that swelled from its products. The factory was spared when the Insurrection occurred due to the "donation" the Venizelos made to "charity."

Once the Human-Covenant war broke out after the fall of Harvest and the subsequent recapture by the UNSC, the Venizelos factory was morphed into a ship-building facility to aid the war effort. The recapture of Harvest by Preston Cole and his fleet, and the media blackout of casualties, inspired many men to join the marines and so Cecil attended Blare Luna Academy. With a drive to win and accelerated training, he graduated as a Junior Grade Lieutenant in less than four years and was destined to operate the NAV on the frigate, UNSC Tiamat, for the next half-decade.

On the opposite side of the valley of "Fireteam Yellow", so named because of the insanity of what they were doing, Echo squad was crawling over into the valley with their Scorpion Type-C Tanks. The fake relay of their "preparation" of attacking the covenant with two soldiers was just a distraction so that the Orbital Drop Shock Troopers could position their tanks on the flank of the covenant invasion. The squad of seven tanks roared across the valley, echoing off the sides and letting the world know they were coming.

The covenant camp was in shambles. Fire flared around each corner with each thunder clap of the cannons the monstrous human war machines made as they pounded into the camp. The human tanks stroke every barracks of the encampment with their cannons, resembling a scorpion ready to strike.

Ryu ran with seven other elites as they escaped to a trench dug out from the tools that they used for the excavation of the ruins. The zealot watched as scores of grunts were wiped out completely by each shell of the machines as they squealed in panic. He noticed there were two missing from his group and turned his head to watch as they stood up valiantly to the humans.

The first shot blasted the first elite to flesh and armor along with a couple of grunts. The second shot was thrown off center from the blast of debris giving the last warrior enough time to lob a plasma grenade on the cockpit before an ally tank punched through his shielding and filled the elite with holes from its secondary gun. The grenade stuck to the cockpit as the human made a desperate escape from his vulnerable position just before the projectile detonated and blew his right limbs off and the resulting EMP wave took his vehicle out of commission.

"Fieldmaster let us go and fight those unscrupulous humans; they must pay for our brothers' blood!" One of the outraged aliens blasted out after witnessing the courageous fall of his brethren. Ryu stared at him a moment, sharing in his pain with the group, before stating "We cannot, the relics remain unguarded and the humans must not be allowed to cross these sacred ruins. The grunts will die as an effort to buy time, as glorious death as one can receive from their race."

The elites looked to one another before nodding and each made a flat sprint to the caverns. Zele 'Vunom paused and turned around to stare at the carnage. Flames engulfed the camp as structures collapsed on those too weak to crawl out and corpses littered the field as large shadows rolled out of the flames and angled toward the stricken warrior.

"By the prophets..."

Leigh and Cecil clambered down the mountain as quickly as they could as the ODST/Helljumpers began blasting the enemy and the camp sprung to life. Leigh made it down first and sniped off a few scattered and disorientated grunts as they walked aimlessly from the campsite. She sighted through her scope and watched as seven elites ran into the caverns before Cecil hopped down a minute later and started to catch his breath.

"Okâ€¦ I see you got started without meâ€¦" said Cecil as he began to breathe more easily.

"Well, you were a bit too slowâ€¦" drawled Leigh as she inserted a new magazine in her weapon. "I think it's time we take a peek at those ruins before they run off with whatever is inside."

The explosions from the firefight continued and slowly began to die down as the fireteam looked towards the carnage. There were two tanks on out on the field with twisted frames and spewing fire from the rear with scores of bodies near the cockpit. Grunts used to their

best; overriding an enemy until they couldn't keep up with the flow of bodies. The lieutenant stared before voicing his thoughts.

"What I would want to do is blow this mountain to smithereens, but getting those relics might be worth the risk of taking this mission a step farther." Leigh looked at him before they both made a dogged sprint toward the survivors.

The six and a half foot tall Spartan began thinking of her earlier apprehension; it was now stronger than ever before as she neared the narrow, three-story tall cave. Leigh remembered her instructor's lesson, "Always trust your instinct; if you feel something is wrong, keep on your toes." She pushed her fear to the corners of her mind, tightened her grip on her assault rifle, and prepared for the worst as they passed the mouth of the cave.

Ryu 'Tolomee turned just in time to witness the death of the younger sangheili as he was outlined by white light before being blown to bits only ten meters away. The squad of now seven elites paused from their run to take in the loss of yet another soldier, vowing silent promises of vengeance.

"The fool." muttered one of the older veterans before they fell back into their pace, sprinting inside the foreboding cavern.

The gap in the entrance was only three meters wide, barely enough room for three fully armored sangheili to enter side by side. As the elites cleared the entrance, the grand scale of the cave was only given a fleeting thought as they have become accustomed to worshipping in the ruins. The ceiling reached 70 meters into the mountain as the floor and walls receded into the distance; all covered in the emblematic silver alloy of the Covenant's gods, the Forerunners. Ornate engravings were carved into the reflecting floor; either arranged to warn others of the importance of the cave or done because of aesthetic choice.

The squad stomped up to a pedestal and Til 'Madumee tapped at a shifting blue and orange holographic symbol and a door slid open with a hiss in front of them. Lights bloomed cruelly along the hallway, casting harsh shadows on those who had awakened them from their temporary sleep. The intruders slowed to a jog as they entered into another smaller chamber which circled an abyss with a ten by ten meter platform floating above it.

Til 'Madumee walked over and leaped onto the platform before motioning for the others to join him. "We have not used this elevator since our last three scout teams returned, are you sure we shouldn't head back and stop the humans?" Til hesitantly suggested as he watched the platform bobble before steadying itself.

"Are you afraid we will not return?" inquired their fieldmaster as he looked his subordinate over. "If the unggoy could go down, then we are more than capable of doing so," he added before touching the icon and descending into the darkness that engulfed them.

Lieutenant Cecil and Leigh reached the glowing pedestal after giving chase to the fleeing aliens as they ran deeper into the ancient complex. They both flanked the opening and Leigh poked her head around the corner and into the bright hallway.

"Looks like they're still ahead of us sir, are you sure you won't allow me to go on my own?" Leigh asked her superior. "No offense, but your holding me back Lieutenant. I could have been caught up with them sir."

Lieutenant Cecil paused and sighed explosively, knowing that she was right; Spartans were augmented to be humanity's super soldiers, something he could never achieve. "Ok," Cecil replied. "Follow them and make sure they don't get their filthy hands on whatever they want in here."

Leigh gave Cecil a quick nod and began to stalk down the hallway and into the darkness, but not before he gave her a parting good-bye and told her to "Trust your gut."

The platform had just returned to its original place floating above the abyss when the soldier entered the chamber. The only visible difference from all the darkness and metal was the icons hovering above the pedestal suffocating in the dark. She made sure the room was clear before hopping on the slab and gave a questioning stare at the symbols interlocking over each other.

They were alien in design and looked like a lot of dots, triangles, and squares to any normal person. This was Leigh's first thought as she stared at the buttons before they started to give the impression of being familiar to her as she reached out and touched a triangular button with a dot above it. The platform shook and she raised her rifle as the platform began to descend deeper underground and into the void.

After three minutes of being confined by the pitch dark of the space under the cave Leigh reached the bottom. Anyone would have felt claustrophobic, but the Spartan had been encased in her armor for most of her life and any sense of claustrophobia was nonexistent in their elite group.

She touched down and immediately noticed a stench like none she has ever encountered before. It reminded her of death and a musky infection that no antiseptic could kill. She gagged on the mottled green-yellow stench and looked around the new room she had entered.

There was a chasm in the middle of the room with an infinite depth and enough width to allow seven scorpions to cross side by side with spare room. In the middle of the chasm extended a bridge of blue light and she sighted the covenant in the distance fifty meters away running into a long passageway and turning a sharp corner.

Leigh wondered how the elites had managed to cross such a distance without their flying tear-drop shaped banshees or without any grappling hooks. She coolly looked around and the bridge caught her attention.

She walked up to it and gave it an incredulous look. A bridge made of light?

"Then again", she thought. "I'm not surprised after all I seen in the past month." The human picked up her foot and placed it onto the bridge before putting pressure onto it. "Hope this doesn't kill me," she said to herself as she took a few more steps and then broke into

a sprint to the other side and into the passage that her targets had entered earlier.

The corner led into an eerily blue-lit atrium with containers stacked along the sides and doors in each of the room's seven corners. Leigh stopped short of the entrance after catching sight of multiple red dots on her motion radar and she rolled behind one of the five foot tall containers and dropped into a crouch. Poking her head around the corner, she saw elites breaking each container searching for something important. This was the opportunity she was waiting for and she sighted through her sniper and began to pick out suitable targets.

The sangheili cracked open all the containers as they "excavated" any relics their Forerunners had left for them. Zasad 'Galamee couldn't believe the treasure trove of riches this cave offered them as he snapped open a large container with his sinewy muscles. The crossing of the light bridge was an amazing experience as he had fantasies of walking in the steps his gods did many millennia ago. His blue armor reflected the contents of the large box as he pulled out more electronics and put them neatly in the substantial pile near Ryu's cloven feet.

"Fieldmaster," Zasad shouted as he neared his leader. "What of the locked rooms, sir?"

"Use your plasma rifle on a low setting and take whatever is within. We are most fortunate for the gods have given these precious relics to us!" Ryu exclaimed as his voice boomed throughout the room.

While the other sangheili worked on extracting whatever was left, Zasad pulled out his dark blue Type-25 Directed Energy Rifle and positioned its two-collimator design next to the seam of the door. Sparks bounced off his body shielding as the ionized gas melted through the door and produced a glowing effect throughout the atrium. He circled the door with a rough circle and the metal sagged and the door fell to the floor on the inside of the dark room. Almost at once, the stench that the intruders had gotten use to increased tenfold and they all started to water at the eyes and cough as their body tried to expel it from their system.

"By the prophets this stench is unbearable!" Til shouted just as his head exploded into a gory explosion of armor, skull fragments, and fluorescent turquoise blood.

Leigh took aim at two more elites and her rifle cracked twice more and echoed off the walls. Both shots hit and they were felled to the floor gurgling and clawing at their throats as the rounds created ragged holes in their elongated necks. She shot one more, but the watering of her eyes from the horrible smell of the stale air made her misfire and the round zipped into the newly opened room. All of the elites were too stunned to move as they never suspected the human to be following them and soon regained their senses and took cover behind their respective crates.

Leigh ducked behind the container once more and reloaded a fresh magazine and pulled out her assault rifle and combat knife as she expected close combat. Suddenly there was a ear-splitting roar resonating from the dark musty room as bodies scrambled out of the ragged hole and charged upon the invaders.

"Take cover!" Ryu angrily shouted to his subordinates as they pulled out their weapons and aimed them at the assassin.

Zasak stared at the dead bodies of his comrades and gave them each a sympathetic nod. A guttural scream echoed from behind him and he turned and adjusted his weapon to into the dark. There was fleeting images of bodies and he began shooting just before pod-like organisms jumped out and overcame him. He roared as his plasma rifle fired shots into the group, but it was too late as the creatures overloaded his shields as one scampered onto his back and stabbed its razor sharp tentacle into him and tapped his spine. It overtook his nervous system and injected him with a virus which mutated his arms into a mass of whip-like tentacles before overtaking his knowledge and his conscience.

Everyone in the room turned toward the newest threat and watched as the warrior's skin was mutated into a sickly yellow texture and he began to charge them. Leigh was the first to react as she tossed a fragmentation grenade into the group and switched her assault rifle to full auto and began to fire into the crowd. The grenade bounced and rolled into the group before detonating a few seconds later with a strong concussion which popped the remaining creatures. She watched as on of the elites tried to hold down their fallen brother, thinking he would listen to them, before it lashed out with its tentacle arm and the explosive force from the hit made the soldier's chest blossom outward in a shower of blood and muscle.

Ryu stared in horror as his squad was destroyed and by the human and the Flood. He heard of these creatures after the covenant and humans encountered them on Halo before another "Spartan" destroyed the ring world. He turned to the heavily clad and green -armored human before focusing his attention on the Zasak which was now a Flood Combat Form. Plasma fire hit it in the chest and made the creature stumble before the human shot off its head.

"Ryu what's happening!" shouted the other remaining squad member.
"Why are you shooting Zasak?"

"His mind is destroyed by the infection; grab the artifacts and flee now!" The fieldmaster roared as he started to fire again into the darkness as more pods "flooded" in.

Leigh reloaded a second time as she started to fire more accurately to conserve her ammo as the pods kept flowing forth from the mouth of the door. "Where are they coming from?" Leigh screamed into her head as she turned to run.

The elites had gotten a head start on her and had already reached the bridge and proceeded to run across when she broke into a run. She got behind the lagging elite and dodged to the side of him before catching up five meters ahead of the gold-armored leader. The leading soldiers crossed the bridge before it flickered and went out, dragging the Flood and the slower sangheili down into the chasm. "Must have been the Flood knocking out the power" she frantically thought as the doors started to seal behind them while they ran down the bright hallway.

They reached the larger entrance to the cavern and watched as its narrow "door" grinded to a close. The Spartan and elite looked around

for an opening before locking eyes. Hatred-filled eyes mirrored off Leigh's visor as her enemy pulled out a concave black cylinder and flicked it. White plasma came out and became still in the air as the weapon became the familiar two-pronged Energy Sword of the higher up classes in the covenant hierarchy.

Leigh reacted instantly and ducked as the sword missed a horizontal strike and the heat pushed her personal shields to half their power and the heat singed her skin inside her armor. She got close and grabbed his wrist and knocked air from his lungs as she gave him a tremendous kick in the chest, feeling satisfaction at hearing his ribs crack.

There was another roar as another combat form began to pound on the door that sealed earlier before it broke it open and scores of pods flooded over the couple. Leigh disentangled from her enemy and pushed him into the throng of creatures after she stuck two plasma grenades onto his chest. There was a double explosion behind the Spartan as she ran to the door and bunkered down and began to shoot the onslaught of bodies.

She reloaded once more and was on her last magazine as her ammo counter clicked empty. Spartan-72 could only watch as the pods jumped and popped off her shields as they tried to overload them. A feeling entered her gut and she rolled deeper into the swarm just as an explosion riddled the cave and the huge metal door blasted inward and onto the flow of bodies.

There was the staccato rhythm of gunfire as Leigh lay there unable to move. She felt herself being lifted up and her helmet polarizing to the bright sunlight outside. She remembered seeing the dark green armor of another Spartan carrying her into a Pelican dropship. "It's ok Leigh, you won," was the last thing she heard before going unconscious.

****Epilogue****

****/Combat-Report/****

****-/Security...****/Eyes only****

After the covenant invasion of the human colony of Tiberius, the UNSC arrived above the planet surface with a fleet of thirty-two destroyers and cruisers and fought the covenant ships in a bid to save Tiberius. A squad of soldiers was sent forth to keep the covenant force from taking the Forerunner technologies on the continent of Opurica. After eight hours the UNSC was left with only ten destroyers as the covenant began defeating them with their superior ships and weaponry. Pelican dropships were sent down along with Spartan-96 to evacuate the citizens and the reconnaissance squad. The dropship landed and was bordered by two Spartans, one unconscious, and three marines as the excavation cave became overrun with the Flood. The UNSC then retreated into slipspace as the covenant ships "glassed" the planet and its 700 million civilians from orbit, effectively taking out the Flood and whatever technologies that were buried beneath the planet surface. Mission goal was a success as the covenant never learned of the secrets the Forerunners left in the ruins.

- Major Cecil Venizelos

End
file.